

The Evening World.

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IN MEXICO.

THE punitive expedition reports progress. Five hundred Villistas defeated and more than thirty killed at Guerrero last Wednesday means that matters are well under way, and, as news travels on horseback in many parts of Mexico, by this time the lame bandit himself may have made his last stand in some mountain ravine.

The Seventh United States Cavalry under Col. Dodd gave a good account of itself. Thirty Villistas killed, two machine guns, besides horses, saddles and arms, taken—all by troops that had just marched fifty-five miles in seventeen hours. Yet only four Americans were wounded and none seriously. Uncle Sam's riders are better seasoned than some of their platform critics would have us believe.

Hernandez, who commanded Villa's forces, was among the killed, but Villa himself was not present. This looks as if the disabled brigand were mainly concerned in defending the approaches to his hiding place—changing from one to another as the chase grows hotter.

Carranza troops are co-operating with Americans to close in on him and bring him to a halt. The faster the pursuit can be kept up the better the chance of forcing him to a decisive battle.

TO WHAT END?

IT IS hard to see what possible advantage England can find in the seizure of American securities owned in Germany. There can be no way of enforcing ownership of such property in behalf of the British Government?

Rightful owners of stocks or bonds have only to give notice of the loss of their certificates to be protected in their titles until such time as the circumstances of the loss can be established. England cannot confiscate this sort of property. She can only cause inconvenience, which is bound to be felt by her friends in America as much as by her enemies in Germany.

Does it never occur to the British authorities that there are better ways of cultivating this country's friendship and good will than by unwarranted tampering with its mails?

TO LEARN FACTS ABOUT GASOLINE.

NEWS that the Senate has ordered the Attorney General to find out why the price of gasoline is being boosted beyond the reach of American consumers will be particularly welcome to the millions in country and city who now use motor vehicles and motor engines as indispensable aids to farming and business.

Last January The Evening World called attention to signs that the oil interests were starting in to "valorize" gasoline and urged the Federal authorities to "look into the present exorbitant and arbitrary cost of this product." Government investigation is now assured.

Oil monopoly seems able to transmit its instincts unimpaired to all its dispersed parts. The oil companies can't find steamers enough to take gasoline to Europe, where they can sell it at sensational figures. Therefore, as this newspaper has repeatedly pointed out, they use the supply and demand argument to extort war prices from American consumers.

Let's have the truth about the oil supply.

NO PROFIT IN OLD POLICIES.

THE Mason & Seaman Transportation Company, which went into the hands of receivers yesterday, was the surviving representative of the once powerful Taxicab Trust and the bitterest opponent of the present taxicab ordinance for which The Evening World fought its victorious fight.

After the new ordinance went into effect, while independent taxicab proprietors were seeking business at legal rates, on the principle of equal rights for all and may good service win, the Mason-Seaman Company constantly attacked the law, evaded its provisions, and tried in every possible way to run its business on the old basis of privilege, private service and special rates.

To-day thousands of taxicabs owned by individual proprietors and smaller companies are making good profits operating under the law. If the Mason-Seaman Company has not fared as well, it cannot blame the ordinance. Its own methods have been at fault. The best hope for its stockholders is reorganization under managers of a later school of taxicab service, who realize that the old days of private stands, hotel graft and extortion are gone beyond recall.

Herr Schiller should have run the Matoppe into Norfolk and interned her!

Hits From Sharp Wits

A man never knows whether his wife is impressed most with taffy or taffeta.—Baltimore Sun.
Some friends are like kinkfish in that they suspect the very worst things of you until you prove otherwise.
When a girl tells her young man caller that he has a terrible reputation for kissing young women it is about time for him to get busy.—Macon News.

Letters From the People

One Prison Reform.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It is a reasonable proposition and not one of sentiment that society is benefited and the State profits every time a man or woman is saved from the wreckage of a criminal conviction. Here is an opportunity for action for many whose sympathies are stirred by the work of prison reformers. The man in prison needs the right kind of friend. Great as the need is for better bodily conditions, almost equally great is the need for mental improvement. It is not possible for us all to go into the prisons to help the inmates. But we can send cheery, friendly letters, letters that will give prisoners food for thought or study and inspire hope and uplift. There are many hopeless and friendless prisoners who have never had a helping hand to lift them out of the mire. There are others, too, who are educated and intellectual, with whom correspondence can be a source of mutual interest. "The ashes of a soul we need but gently stir to find the gleam." The writer of this letter knows from experience the wonderful and far-reaching effects of such correspondence and of the gleams of light thus found, and urges others to take up the work.
The Letter Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is correct, "I am real sorry" or "I am really sorry"?
M. R.

The Ready Lariat!

By J. H. Cassel



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

THE gentlemen who want a rural police force established in this State appear to be devoting a lot of energy to getting their bill through the Legislature," remarked the head polisher.

"It is doubtful," said the laundry man, "if a so-called rural police force will ever be established in this State. There are two reasons calculated to smother the idea in any Legislature. The first is that rural New York has about as much need for special police protection, furnished by the State at large, as the students in a deaf and dumb asylum have for a cheer leader. The second reason is that the bulk of the cost of such a police force would fall on this city, which is already being bled white by the people up-State."

"There is no more reason why the City of New York should pay for police protection in the rural districts of Chautauque County, for instance, than there is why New York should pay for the street lamps in Danbury, Conn. And of course, the promoters of the rural police legislation intend that New York City shall pay 70 per cent. of the cost of it and that the other cities of the State shall also pay their share of the cost of it, in addition to maintaining their own police establishments."

"When the measure was up for discussion before the legislative committee having it in charge the other day there wasn't a farmer there urging police protection for his home and freestone. No representative of rural New York was in Albany pleading for peg posts in potato patches. Peculiarly enough, all the pressure for the passage of this bill comes from New York City."

The Mormons Again?

"I HAVE been much mystified," said the head polisher, "over the remarkable activity of Senator Borah of Idaho in the efforts that are being made to force the United States to intervene in Mexico."

"Mystification is widespread on that point," said the laundry man, "because Idaho is a long way from Mexico and is in no danger from the troops of armed and terrorizing bandits who, we are assured every day or so, are getting ready to swoop across the border and wipe Texas, Arizona and New Mexico off the map."

The headquarters of the Mormon Church is in Salt Lake City, Utah. The Mormon Church has immense interests in Northern Mexico, where there are no laws against polygamy or anything else in particular. It would be to the interest of the Mormon Church if the United States established a protectorate over Chihuahua, Sonora, and other Northern Mexican States.

"But you would think that Senator Smoot of Utah should be able to look after the Mormon interests in the Senate without Senator Borah's assistance. The situation clarifies a bit when you learn that the Mormon Church not only controls politics in Utah, but in Idaho as well. It be-

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"WILLIE, run down to the door and see if that was the mailman's ring," said Mr. Jarr to the boy the other morning.

"Now, don't send that child down to the door!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "He's just washed his face and neck, and he has a bad cold, and it's awful stormy this morning."

"It isn't stormy. It's rather a nice morning for this time of year," said Mr. Jarr.

"Why do you contradict me in front of the children so?" asked Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "How can I get any good out of them and how can they have any respect for me, if you do?"

"And how can I get any good out of them and how can they have any respect for me, if you do?"

"I look nice trying to stand on my dignity when all you do is to be little me in front of the children!" replied Mr. Jarr. "Willie, go down to the door this instant and see if there is any mail!"

"You stay where you are!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply, to the child. "And drink that milk and castor oil!" Here her voice turned to the accents of plaintive despair.

"Can't he put on his cap, then?" growled Mr. Jarr.

"No, he can't!" said Mrs. Jarr. "He's just taken castor oil and he's to stay in this room all day!"

"Yes, he's taken his castor oil!" said Mr. Jarr, sardonically.

"Well, he's going to take it!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

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She Wins and Loses a "Fibbing Contest."
"W H Y won't you go to the tea-dance with me?" demanded the Bachelor in an aggrieved tone, as he guided the Widow through the glittering afternoon throng along the Avenue.

"Because it's too late," began the Widow, laying her small white gloves hand propitiatingly on his coat cuff. "And—and I have a headache!"

"Yes, of course," remarked the Bachelor laconically. "Go on."

"And I got the dates mixed, somehow!"

"Humph!" grunted the Bachelor non-committally.

"And I've half promised to go to the matinee!"

The Bachelor raised his eyebrows and scorned to reply.

"And I'm expecting the Gregorys to dinner," the Widow hurried on breathlessly. "And my new hat hasn't come home from the milliner's and I'm awfully behind on the latest steps and the doctor has forbidden me to drink tea and I hate this gown I have on and I don't want to go—and—"

"And you love marrons glacés and prefer old rose to yellow and chocolate to champagne and the sun is shining and it may rain day after tomorrow and roses are red and violets blue and—"

"What ARE you talking about?" broke in the Widow in a tone of injured astonishment.

"I'm being 'helpful,'" answered the Bachelor sarcastically. "I'm merely thinking up a few more 'reasons' for you. How many excuses MUST a woman give before she tells the REAL TRUTH? And why does she do it since she always does tell it sooner or later?"

"LIES—BLOND AND BRUNETTE."

"I DO NOT, Mr. Weatherby!" protested the Widow, flushing with confusion. "That is—I'm telling it now! A woman always has a perfectly good reason!"

"Only she never can remember what it is!" laughed the Bachelor mockingly.

"Because it is so complex," explained the Widow. "Now, when a man wants an excuse he just invents a good black LIE, and sticks to it!"

"While a woman," rejoined the Bachelor promptly, "invents half a dozen weak little white ones and plays puss-in-corner, dodging from one to the other."

"A big black lie would stick in a woman's throat, Mr. Weatherby," declared the Widow slyly. "But a little white fib slips out easily—especially when it's half true—as all mine are!"

"Of course," agreed the Bachelor chivalrously. "And now tell me the REAL reason."

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed the Widow, with a child-like smile of surprise. "Why didn't you say that before? The real reason is—YOU."

"I don't want to be a blight on your young life, even for one afternoon!" sighed the Widow.

"A—blight?" repeated the Bachelor, in blank astonishment.

"Well, you see," explained the Widow, studying the tips of her gray kid toes demurely, "you wouldn't be able to dance six times in succession with that charming Miss Carleton, with the butter-colored hair, if you had me on your hands. So—"

"So THAT'S it!" broke in the Bachelor, with mixed feelings of relief and delighted vanity. "You're standing me in the corner for last night's defection. Good! I'm glad it worked!"

"What 'worked,' Mr. Weatherby?" inquired the Widow icily.

"My perfectly obvious attempt to make you jealous—to attract your attention from young Bobby Vincent to myself!" chuckled the Bachelor.

"Oh!" the Widow paused thoughtfully. "How nicely you tell it!" she added, looking up at him admiringly.

WHERE TRUTH CAN'T ENTER.

"TELL what?" demanded the Bachelor.

"Your one Big Black One," explained the Widow. "After all, I believe that's the better way. A woman can learn a lot from a man if she will only stop talking and keep an open mind."

"But I'm not telling a 'black one'!" pleaded the Bachelor, flushing guiltily. "I DID do it on purpose. I was furious! I was furious!"

"That's right," cooed the Widow soothingly. "Stick to it! You are almost convincing me."

"Oh, well—if you won't believe me!" exclaimed the Bachelor desperately.

"Of course I will!" declared the Widow sweetly. "Why shouldn't I—when it's so much pleasanter to believe you than to believe what I saw with my own eyes in the conservatory?"

The Bachelor winced and swallowed hard, then rose like a fish to the bait, with a mighty inspiration.

"Pouf!" he laughed in an off-hand way. "I KNEW you were there all the time! That's why I—kissed her."

"Oh, dear!" groaned the Widow. "It's no use! You can't make a man change his lie, no matter HOW you mislead him! I wasn't there, Mr. Weatherby. And I didn't see anything! I'm not a moving picture heroine, to go about spying on people. But I'll go to the tea-dance with you, anyway. After all, that wasn't my REAL reason for not wanting to go."

"What?" the Bachelor almost choked in astonishment.

"Pouf!" laughed the Widow slyly. "A woman who would tell her real reason would tell her real age! And a woman who would tell her real age would tell ANYTHING. She wouldn't be a safe person to have around!"

Bad men excuse their faults. Good men will leave them.—
DRYDEN.

For the Easter Shopper

THE task of choosing the blouse to wear in the Easter parade is now demanding the attention of femininity. If blue is becoming to the shopper, this will be an easy matter, for the blue waist in pastel colorings threatens to become a rage and it will harmonize with most of the fashionable suit colors.

If blue is not your color you will have a large choice in the white and flesh color waists. Also in the maize and the various shades of yellow, which will be very modish this spring. There are many beautiful tones of blue and these pretty waists are rapidly gaining popularity. Then there are the striped waists that range all the way from a pin stripe to those one inch in width. You can get the matching sash stripes or the vivid blue, green, cerise, yellow and rose on white or tan grounds.

In selecting the blouse you will have a variety of materials to choose from. There are the beautiful soft crepe de chine which can be had in stripes as well as plain colors. Wash tulle and satins are prominent. In dressy waists combinations such as sheer crepe and tulle are favored. White lace is combined with chiffon, crepe or tulle. These white lace waists are very dressy and now take the place of the matching blouse. In practical waists the striped tub silks are favorites.

For general wear there are most attractive waists of cotton. The volantes and nets will really do nicely for occasions. The combination of lingerie and net is very prominent. The volantes seem to be the leading favorites, and these are being shown in the prevailing colors—blue, rose, yellow and lavender, as well as the white. Many of the cotton waists are pretty enough to wear with the spring tailored suit.

If you are making your waist finish the sleeves long excepting in the very dressy models where the half and three-quarter lengths are permissible. The neck may be high or low but there is a strong preference for the latter in the separate blouse and with the coming of the warm weather the low neck finish will be universally adopted.

A blouse makes a nice Easter gift. Tie it into a box with white or lavender ribbons and it will add to its attractiveness. Grant the recipient permission to exchange it if she so desires and you will have the satisfaction that your present is giving pleasure.

THRIFT

By Samuel Smiles

(By Permission of Messrs. A. & B. Smith.)

No. 35.—Rules for Economy.
A NOTHER method of economy is to keep a regular account of all that you earn and of all that you expend. An orderly man will know beforehand what he requires, and will be provided with the necessary means for obtaining it. Thus his domestic budget will be balanced and his expenditure kept within his income.

John Wesley regularly adopted this plan.

a judgment to the garnishing of his wages, and also there was a sample of baking powder and four circulars.

Mr. Jarr returned, tearing up his correspondence. "Where's Willie?" he asked.

"I sent him out on an errand," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly, "there's no bread in the house!"